

The Middletown Transcript

Mail Close as Follows.

Going North—7:30 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 4:05 p. m.
Going South—8:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., and 9 p. m.
For Odessa—7:00 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 4:00 p. m.
For Warwick, Cecilton and Environs 9:30 a. m., and 4:45 p. m.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., JAN. 15, 1910

Local News

Skating!
Harvesting ice!
Coal man is happy!
Furnace source of good cheer!
New Year resolutions laid away!
Everybody has a cold. Even the weather is inclined to be that way.

If you want Pure Buckwheat Flour you can get it at Evans' EXCHANGE.

Dr. J. Allen Johnson will examine your teeth and give estimate without charge.

Calls and see our school above before buying elsewhere, you can save money.

Mrs. G. W. Peterson.

FOR RENT.—Two houses and one stable on West Main street, opposite National Hotel. Possession given 25th March next.

G. E. HUKILL.

AT BRAGDON'S—Try a box of Reynolds Candy Co.'s Butter Cups, 25c. You never knew finer candies.

Letters of administration on the estate of the late Edward Reynolds have been granted to his son-in-law, D. P. Barbour, of Wilmington.

The continued high prices of butter and eggs are worrying the housewife these days. Eggs are selling at 42 cents per dozen, while butter is quoted from 40 to 43 cents per pound.

Another snow fell in this section Thursday night, adding about four or five inches of snow to the already white sheet which fell on Christmas day.

Mrs. Eugenia Beeston, who was assistant to the late Edward Reynolds for seven years, has been appointed town treasurer to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Reynolds.

A Fogel announces a sweeping reduction sale on another page of this issue. Read what he is offering you and a visit to his store will convince you that every article offered is a real bargain.

Very best makes in men's, women's and children's shoes. Bought for spot cash. Sold on 10 per cent. profit. Call and see what you can save in buying shoes here.

Mrs. G. W. Peterson.

Feed the birds! Reports come that they are starving on account of the heavy snow. If our farmers and town people would throw them food now and then it will save many of our song and game birds perishing.

Cards have been received here announcing the marriage of Miss Anna Virginia Racine to Dr. William Wright, of Summit Bridge, December 23d. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Racine, of St. Augustine, Maryland.

AT BRAGDON'S—Chocolate Straws, 30c per pound, made by the Reynolds Candy Co., Wilmington.

Last Thursday every pedestrian on the streets of Middletown seemed to be attending strictly to his own business. The sidewalks were so glassy that it required some skill to stand and walk erect. Many travelers took the middle of the road in preference to trying conclusions with paved walks.

A musical will be given at the New Century Club on Tuesday afternoon, January 26th, at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. Edward Barnaba of Wilmington, on the corner and Mrs. John P. Cannon, vocal selections, will be among the features of the program. The public is invited to be present. A silver offering at the door.

With a membership of 61 editors of country papers throughout the State, the Maryland Press Association was formed Wednesday of last week, at a meeting at the Hotel Reunited, Baltimore.

The organization has no political significance, but was formed to further the business interests of the county newspapers.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Citizens National Bank, held at the banking house on Tuesday, January 26th, at 2:30 o'clock. Mrs. Edward Barnaba of Wilmington, on the corner and Mrs. John P. Cannon, vocal selections, will be among the features of the program. The public is invited to be present. A silver offering at the door.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Peoples National Bank, held at the banking house on Saturday last the following board of directors was elected for the ensuing year: Geo. M. D. Hart, Thomas C. Crumlish, Z. A. Pool, J. Frank Eliaison, George L. Townsend, Charles H. Salmon, Jefferson B. Ford, Richard T. Cann, Frederick Brady and John F. Ernest.

An attempt was made by some one to enter the grocery store of Miss Mary Maloney at the corner of Broad and Lake streets about 12:30 o'clock last Sunday morning, but the thief was frightened away by Miss Maloney who heard the noise and called her brother. The thief who smashed one of the large glass windows in front of the building, was frightened off by calls, and made a hasty retreat out North Broad street without securing anything from the window.

All subscribers to this paper are requested to look at the address slip on their papers. If your paper is dated January, '09, it means that your subscription is paid up to January, 1909, the first two figures of the year being omitted so that we can get the entire address and date in one line. If your paper is dated August, '10, it means that your paper is paid for to August, 1910. Dollar bills may be sent by ordinary mail with little or no danger of loss. Please do not neglect attending to your subscription account.

AT BRAGDON'S—You never knew how good candy could be made, unless you have eaten that of the Reynolds Candy Co., Wilmington. Visit our store and try it.

The blowing of the fire whistle at six o'clock Friday morning, caused many of our people to rise earlier than usual, but the fire was put out before the firemen arrived. The fire was discovered on the south side of the old silk factory building on the corner of Anderson street by Mr. William Hall, and as the flames had ignited in the boiler room of the building it is the opinion of many that someone set the building on fire.

A number of our young people have organized a music club, the object being to bring together in a social way those who are lovers of music, and if possible, develop a Choral Society. They will hold a vocal and instrumental. They will hold a rummage sale soon for their benefit.

The weekly meetings are well attended.

In past years many efforts have been put forth to organize a society of this kind, but have failed. We trust this will be a success.

The numerous friends of Miss Eugenia Beeston will be glad to learn of her appointment as Secretary and Treasurer of the Delaware branch of the Reading Mutual Fire Insurance Co., and agent for the Mutual Fire Insurance Co., of Chester County, for all Delaware south of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, made vacant by the death of Mr. Edward Reynolds. Miss Beeston has been Mr. Reynolds' efficient assistant for several years and is fully qualified to perform the duties of her office. She has already bonded and entered upon the discharge of her duties, and will occupy the same office as did Mr. Reynolds in the post office building, where she will be glad to see all of the former patrons of these well known fire insurance companies.

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The annual election of officers for the coming year at the Forest Presbyterian Sunday School was held on Wednesday evening, with the following result:

Superintendent, J. Fletcher Deskyne; Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Jacobs; Secretary, George D. Kelley; Organist, Miss Blanche Deskyne; Pianist, Miss Prudence Lewis; Superintendent Primary Department, Miss Eugenia Beeston; Assistant, Mrs. S. E. Lewis and Mrs. S. Stites.

AT BRAGDON'S—Butter Creams—A crisp molasses jacket filled with delicious cream. Try a pound at 25c. These are the many kinds of delicious candies made by the Reynolds Candy Co., Wilmington.

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PERSONALITIES.

Miss Mary C. Gill spent last Saturday in Philadelphia.

Rev. W. H. Hutchins spent last week with his sister in Cambridge, Md.

Mr. E. Wood Griffenberg, of Wilmington, called at our office on Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Moore spent part of this week with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Norman Gill and John Vosell, of Philadelphia, were guests of relatives here over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt N. Fisher, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beeston.

Miss Ella Berry has returned home, after a pleasant visit with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Francis Austin, of near Townsend, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph Heller, several days last week.

The Ladies' Home Missionary Society was entertained on Wednesday evening last at the home of Mrs. Rachel Mallie.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Demarest, of De Lancey, N. J., returned home Thursday last, after a pleasant visit with relatives here.

Miss Margaret McCoy returned Monday to Cambridge, Md., after a few weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, who has been spending sometime with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cannon, near town, has returned to his home in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Oakley Vinyard, of Jersey City, N. J., returned to her home on Thursday last, after a pleasant visit here, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Theodore Long, who will spend sometime in Jersey City.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Paul's M. E. Church, will be held on Thursday evening, January 27th. After business a social will follow for the members of the Brotherhood and their friends.

MIDDLETOWN FIRE ALARMS

The following diagram represents the fire alarms of the town divided into four sections:

North

Section No. 4

Section No. 1

MAIN STREET

Section No. 3

Section No. 2

SOUTH STREET

WHAT A DOLLAR IS

"What is a dollar, anyhow?" The question is an easy one to answer. A dollar is what some people promise to pay for their country paper.

It is something a newspaper man enjoys more in anticipation than in reality. It is the price of a day's work for some men and a single night's drink for others.

It is what a wife frequently needs, but seldom has.

It is the power that makes or unmakes men. It is the hardest thing to get and the easiest thing to get rid of known to mankind.

It is a blessing in a small measure and a curse in many instances.

It is mighty and scarce. No man ever had more than he wanted and no man ever will.

A dollar is a snare and a delusion, and every one of us are chasing the delusion.

ODESSA

Mrs. C. H. Appleton is the guest of friends in Delaware City.

Mr. W. W. Rose was a Philadelphia visitor this week.

Mr. D. W. Corbit is a Wilmington visitor this week.

Miss Grace Bingnear is spending some time with friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Sophia Gremminger is visiting relatives in and near Delanco, N. J.

Mrs. Mary J. Niles, of Wellboro, Pa., is the guest of her son, Dr. J. N. Niles, this week.

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"New Joy"

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

I gave you up half an hour ago! I pouted Nancy, holding open the coupe door, as Rosalys Haven came flying down the marble steps. You said half past eleven! You know very well how much I have to tell you! To the park, Jasper.

Of course you have my blessing! laughed Rosalys, dropping into the seat beside her friend with frank relief as they rolled away. But I couldn't escape sooner. Such a potter in the committee! I left them still trying to decide whether gray-blue or cream and olive would be better for the breakfast room.

Olive and cream, I should say, with a touch of clear, vivid color here and there, mused Nancy Blundell, the impatient frown vanishing from her forehead. I mean to have mine in— She drew a quick little breath and bit her lip.

O-ho! Already! A slender finger tilted up the willful chin, as Nancy turned very red. Let me look well at you, after such open confession as that. It does sound serious, on my word! Well you must have known last evening how glad I was to hear the news. You might have worn some of them this morning, Nancy. He ought not to be jealous.

I? Wear what? with a puzzled infection.

Nancy Blundell! Tell me, if you dare, that nothing reached you from me, about seven, last evening!

Something certainly did come, with your name on the cover! asserted Miss Blundell, bending down to drag an oblong pasteboard box—a florist's box, by the printed label—from under the seat, and struggling with the knotted cord around it. I brought it, so you could tell me what on earth it meant! There!

She tore off the cover and pulled out—a boy's coat, somewhat worn, of brown corduroy. Other garments lay folded beneath.

Miss Haven leaned over with a cry of dismay.

Nancy! Why, it's that suit of Corny's! Mother had packed it yesterday to send to a ragged boy down in Meekin Court, where Miss Cone lives! How did it ever reach you? O my dear—when I spent hours hunting the town over for thatarmful of lilies and lilacs, because you loved them so!

Lilies of the valley and white lilacs? demanded Miss Blundell, pulling vehemently at a silken cord. Jasper! Stop! How were they sent? She turned to her friend.

Baker promised to take them without fail before dinner. Mother had some errands for him, too. She was letting Audrey help her when I went into the library. They were addressing some books for him to take to Aunt Charlotte, and a sheaf of carnations for Madame Vandit. I didn't hear the other places, but I left my—your box, I mean, on the table with the rest, and told Baker where it was. The address was on a card tied to it.

Then Audrey mixed them up! fumed Nancy. Children are too meddlesome. All my lovely flowers gone astray! Rosalys, I must have them, if I raid every house on the avenue! Your mother will tell us where they might have gone, and we'll try every place on her list! Oh, they would have come first of all the congratulations on my engagement, and the dearest! No one but—Teddy should have had the shadow of a glimpse of them! Drive to town!

One moment, Nan! interrupted Rosalys. These, crushing the despaired corduroys into their box, should have gone to Meekin Court this morning. Miss Achsah told mother that the boy had only tatters and patches to cover him. The society found him a home out West, and he was to be sent on with some other poor little waifs, in charge of their agents, this afternoon; but they had no clothes to fit him, and mother offered to supply some. Nancy, it's twelve o'clock, and here's the suit! Please! Meekin Court isn't so far. Then I'll go anywhere you choose.

Miss Blundell shook her pretty head stubbornly. My flowers before everything! The boy can go some other day!

Very well. I'll get out and take the next car into town, avered Rosalys, with equal determination. Patsy must have her suit in time.

O ralys! Nancy looked at her blankly. I thought you—you implored look, but let her eyes

wander round the bare garret room with the sloping roof and two gable windows that let golden sunshine in on rough board partitions, the strip of faded ingrain carpet that crossed the uneven floor, and the glory of white, scented bloom that was everywhere—in tin cups, in cracked glasses, in blue, green and red jugs, on table, sewing machine, shelves. Even on the little iron stove, in which was no fire to temper the chill air, stood a pitcher with a blossoming branch.

She must have known that it was a mistake, went on Miss Blundell. Such flowers in a place like this, resentfully. You get her explanation, and then I'll have a few words with her.

Nancy! Could you, to day? That's just it. It's my day. Those are my flowers, that I might never have seen at all. It's intolerable. Say what you like to her, Rosalys, but afterward—

There fell ominous silence between the two, as Miss Achsah's labored steps on the stairway became audible.

Tis a climb, she confessed, beaming at her guests with actual radiance in her sallow, wrinkled little face, as she perched on the edge of a low chair. But when you do get up here there's sun; and to-day there's these, touching a lilac spray with loving finger tips. If you could have been here last night, Miss Haven. Why, I never saw anything like it. You won't mind that I gave some away? deprecatingly. I supposed 'twas the clothes for Patsy, but when I open the box—I couldn't think 'twas true. There ain't any one can guess how starved I get for a bit of bloom. Oh, there's Renzo, as she answered a faint tap at the door.

Rosalys stole a glance at her friend, but the eyes fixed on the white lilacs were openly mutinous.

It's my dinner, apologized Miss Cone, setting a plate on the table. I couldn't stand any smell of cookin' round, let alone havin' a fire that'd wilt them. I ain't cold. So Mis' Domi, she fried it and sent it up. Etorry's pretty sick, and I gave her some of the lilies to hearten him up. Land. Seemed like he'd eat 'em. An' when she answered a faint tap at the door.

Rosalys moved as if to go.

Time enough, smiled Miss Cone. There was more I wanted to tell you, if havin' the Domi youngsters, Beppo an' Pia an' Marco an' Spiranza, peepin' in all mornin' hadn't fluttered me.

They can't get done lookin'. Nor some others that needn't be talked about, poor souls. I tell you, Miss Haven, when I saw what you'd writ inside, New joy to you, from Rosalys, I just cried.

There was never a truer word. There's been a new joy, lingerin' over the words, for all that's been nigh 'em since they came.

And if you'd seen little Thysa Persen. Her folks, round on Hopper street, were mad with her for wantin' to marry Teddy Hamilton, that's a nice, decent, hard working boy, if he is poor.

Thysa told me her aunt, downstairs, was going to let 'em get married in her room last evening, but her folks wouldn't do a thing to make it nice. My, Miss Haven, when the flowers came from you, I just ran. We had 'em all down there—sweetening the whole room—and some for Thysa's little white dress, that had been washed almost to nothing, and some for Teddy's buttonhole, and we tied some into a wreath for her hair. She has pretty yellow hair, Miss Haven.

Why, it made all the difference between just getting married and a real beautiful wedding, that she'll always remember.

Oh, cried Nancy Blundell, her bright eyes wet. I—I'm so glad you had them for her, Miss Achsah. *

Then you would mind if I ran right down with it? He's that fidgety; for fear it wasn't edmin'! But there! He never havin' had anythin' decent before, one oughtn't to blame him. I told him Mis' Haven never forgot anythin' she said she'd do in all the years we've done plain sewin' for her! And to think of your comin' with it yourself! I'll be right up again.

It is as well that I did give in and bring you here, began Nancy, when they were alone, with defiance in her voice.

She would not meet Rosalys' imploring look, but let her eyes

WASHINGTON LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C. January 6th, 1910.
EX-PRESIDENT Roosevelt has finally decided to make the address which custom dictates must be made by the recipient of a Nobel peace prize. Mr. Roosevelt has until recently stoutly resisted all efforts to induce him to comply with this formality and it is probable that even now only his regard for Senator Root has induced him to abandon his determination to disregard the custom. Andrew Carnegie has nominated Mr. Root as a proper recipient of the prize and some of the trustees were so sensitive because Mr. Roosevelt had declined to comply with the custom that they advised a friend of the former President that if he persisted in his declination there would be no chance of the prize being conferred on another American. When Mr. Roosevelt learned that his reluctance might result in depriving his former Secretary of State of this honor he reconsidered his determination and while again expressing his reluctance to appear before the footlights he has instructed a personal friend to inform the Nobel trustees that he has reconsidered and has asked that the necessary arrangements be made for the delivery of his address at Christiansburg the time of his visit to Berlin.

She must have known that it was a mistake, went on Miss Blundell. Such flowers in a place like this, resentfully. You get her explanation, and then I'll have a few words with her.

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